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GARLAND

WOBURN 1711 PRINTED
OF

NEW SONGS,

CONTAINING

1. The Bonny La's of Bannachie.
2. A new Song called Lochaber.
3. The Answer.
4. 'Twas within a Mile of Edinbro'.



The Bonny Lass of Bannachie.

ONCE I lov'd a lady fair
 She was a beauty I declare,
 The only flower of the north country,
 That bonny Lass of Bannachie.

She being heireis of houfes and lands,
 And I alone a poor farmer's son,
 It was her birth and high degree.
 That parted my true love and me,
 I lov'd this lady in my heart,
 Against our wills it was to part,
 For she ador'd me as life,
 In private we were man and wife,
 Great knights and esquires a courting
 came.

Unto this fair and lovely dame,
 But all their offers prov'd in vain,
 For none her favour could obtain.

But when her father came to know,
 How that I lov'd his daughter so,
 He Judas like betray'd me, BRITISH
 For keeping of her company.

It was at Alurain that I was taken,
 A prisoner for lady Jane,
 In fetters strong then I was bound,
 And carried into Aberdeen.

It's not their frowns that I do mind,

Nor yet the way that I've to go,
 But love has pierc'd my tender heart,
 And alas ! its brought me very low.

I was embarked at the shore
 Neyer to see my native more,
 In Germany a soldier to be,
 All for the Lass of Bannachie.

But when I was upon the seas,
 I ne'er could take a moment's ease,
 For she was daily in my mind,
 That bonny Lass I left behind.

When I arriv'd in the foreign land,
 From my true love a letter came,
 With her respect in each degree,
 Sign'd by the Lass of Bannachie,

The answer which to her I sent,
 It ne'er to my true love went,
 It was her cruel father then,
 Told her that I abroad was slain.

Which griev'd this lady's heart full sore,
 To think that we ne'er should meet more,
 This caused her to weep most bitterly
 These tidings from high Germany.

O daughter dear thy tears restrain,
 To weep for him it is in vain,
 I have a better match for thee
 To enjoy the lands of Bannachie.

He was the husband of my youth,
 In pledge he had my faith and truth.

I made a vow and I'll wed with none,
Since my true love is f'ren me gone.

On every finger she put a ring,
On her mid-finger she put three;
And she's away to High Germany,
In hopes her true love to see.

She's put on her robes of green,
Which were comely to be seen;
O had he been crown'd king,
This fair lady might have been his queen.
But when she came to High Germany,
By fortune there her love did see,
Upon yon lofty rampart wall,
As he was standing centry,

O were my love in this country,
O I could swear that you was she,
For there's not a face in high Germany,
So like the Lass of Bannachie.

The first she met was the colonel then,
And he adressed her most courteously;
From whence she came and where bound,
Her name and from what country.

From fair Scotland she said I came,
In hopes my true love to see,
But now I hear he's granadier,
Into your honour's company.

What's thy love's name thou comely
dame,
O lady fair come tell me then,

For its a pity thy love should be,
In the station of a single man.

William Graham is my love's name,
All this hardship he suffers for me,
But if it cost me thousands ten,
A single man no more he's be.

O lady fair come along with me,
Where thy true love thou soon shalt see,
'Tis for thy sake a vow I make,
A single man no more he's be.

Young Billy Graham was call'd un then,
His true love once more to see ;
But when he saw her weefard face,
O the salt tears blinded his eye,

You're welcome here my dearest dear,
You're thrice welcome here to me,
For there's not a face so full of grace,
Not in the lands of Germany.

With kisses sweet those lovers did meet,
Most joyfully as I am told,
She's chang'd his dress from worsted lace,
To the Crimson scarlot trim'd with gold,

But when the father found,
His Daughter she abroad was gone,
He sent a letter on express
It was to call these two lovers home.

To him he gave a free discharge,
All for the sake of lady Jane,

And now we hear he's a wealthy squire,
Unto the lands of Aberdeen,

And now behold how fortune turns,
Her father's wrath to amity,
And now he lives in sweet content,
With the bonny Lass of Bannachie.

A new Song called Lochaber.

THESE lines from your lover, Jenny receive,
At Carlisle confined will make you to grieve
I prisoner was taken on Culloden Plain,
I wish in that battle I had been slain.

But fate has decreed it must not be so,
I wounded was taken, and with them must go,
O my fate, my dear Jenny, doth trouble me sore,
For thee and Lochaber I ne'er must see more,

I often was told by the lairds of the clan,
That Charlie he was a brave muckle man;
But none of his bravery e'er yet I did see,
De'e'l take them for liars they have ruia'd me.

Deceived by lies I soon did comply,
With them I must fight and with them I must die,
O my fate, my dear Jenny, will trouble thee sore,
For thee nor Lochaber I ne'er will see more.

The defeating Johnny Cope at Preston Pans,
Enlivened our hearts and encouraged our clans,
Flush'd with success, to England we did steer,
But brave duke William put us in great fear,

He fought us, he beat us, he ruined us quite,
And we are all in a sorrowful plight,
May heaven it's blessings upon thee, love, pour,
For the nor Lochaber I ne'er shall see more,

The Answer.

O Billy thy letter cuts me to the heart,
To think for ever I from thee must part,
Your conjuring teachers has brought you to this,
Now you'll lose your life, and all your bliss.

You being so brave a valiant young man,
You soon was enticed to join the whole clan ;
And I told you at parting you know with much pain,
That me nor Lochaber, you'd ne'er see again.

O I did intreat you I did you implore,
To stay with your Jenny who did you adore,
O I did intreat you I did you implore,
To stay with your Jenny who did you adore.

And don't you remember your answer so smart,
A fair lady ne'er was won with a faint heart ;
And thus my advice you did treat with disdain,
And you'll ne'er see me nor Lochaber again.

O what would you give your dear Jenny to see,
O what would you give in Lochaber to be,
O what would you give your dear Jenny to see,
O what would you give in Lochaber to be,

Was it in my power I would ease your fears
Your bleeding wounds I would bathe in my tears,
On my bosom, I would lull thee asleep from thy pain,
But you'll ne'er see me nor Lochaber again

For the Judges I hear are already come down,
Which gives to my heart a most desperate wound ;
The success of your trial I long for to hear,
But there's no hopes that you can get clear.

You went with such freedom with bonnet and plaid,
With broad sword and target like a brave highland lad ;
And I told you at parting you know with much pain,
That you'd ne'er see me nor Lochaber again.

'Twas within a Mile of Edinbro'.

TWAS within a mile of Edinbro' town,
 In the rosy time of the year ;
 Sweet lav'rocks sung, and the grafts it was down,
 Each Shepherd wo'd his dear.

Bonny Jockey blythe and gay,
 Kiss'd sweet Jenny making hay ;
 The Lassie blush'd and frowning cry'd, No no it wunna do
 I canna, canna, munna, munna,
 Wunna buckle too.

Young Jockey was a wag, that ne'er wou'd wed,
 Though long he had followed the lass,
 Contented was she to earn her brown bread,
 And formerly turn'd up the grafts ;
 Bonny Jockey blithe and gay,
 Kiss'd sweet Jenny making hay ;
 The Lassie blush'd and frowning cry'd No no it wunna do
 I canna, canna, munna, munna,
 Wunna buckle too.

But when that she found he wou'd make her his bride,
 Though his flocks and his herds were but few,
 She gave him her hand, and a kiss or twa beside,
 And swore she'd ever be true.
 Young Jockey blithe and free,
 Won her heart right merrily,
 At the church nae mair she frowning cry'd, No it wunna
 I canna, canna, munna, munna,
 Wunna buckle too.

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